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Coffin, carried away the gold medal, and now he, in his canvas of "Jenner Valley and Laurel Hill," is skied, and all he will get will be the receipt for its entry. I raise my hat in all respect to the "Street in Algiers," by William Sartain. The rendering is so soft, tuneful, expressive, and withal full of the light waves and vibrations.

Big Frank L. Kirkpatrick stands yonder, and not far off his "Old Interior," full of architectural lines; its strong point is the mass of color injected from marble to drapings, from windows to jewels and medieval figures. Not since 1890 has he exhibited, when his picture was bought by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Bolton Jones labels his "Afternoon by the River" "Copyrighted." Why? Surely he is not afraid of his fellow-workmen? And it is hardly appropriate for a new shoe polish. It is broader and more interesting than some of his works—but why label it, Jones?

Peter Moran contributes four subjects, and while "San Juan, N. M.," is the least ambitious, it has my preference. Emily K. Moran presents "The Pasture Land," very nicely interpreted, not strong, perhaps, for its very timidity gives it the feeling proper. Why was "Thought" admitted? Is this essential in the Art Club? This was contributed by Christine Lumsdon, and is a fairly good piece of work—but look again; it is a pastel, as seen by my glass eye, and according to the tenets is not supposed to have *entré* to this exhibition.

"The Star of Bethlehem" is too ambitious for Ella Coudie Lamb. Try again, Miss L. This is a serious undertaking, and one that needs thought, knowledge and conception. Healthy and gratifying, Harry Eaton's "Bit of a Brook" stands invitingly fresh, full of vigor and poetically expressive, while "Along the River" one's fancy roams in shadow and sun, where nature's voice is so attuned as to destroy all acrimony.

"The Neglected Road," by Charles C. Proctor, deserves recognition, while "The Message from the Sea," by Seymour J. Guy, stands forever damned. Lewis E. Herzog contributes four canvases full of a broad intelligence. "A September Late Afternoon" catches the spirit admirably. Houses and trees glinting with the rays of the departing sun. Edward Potthast in "The Fisherman's Return," Birney's "Solid Comfort" and Douglas Volk's "Thoughts of Youth" and Edward Moran's "Brush Burning, Long Island," should not be passed by without notice. There are many good qualities in the "Old Vanderbilt Dock," by F. K. Kost. The wharf, however, is out of drawing, necessitating its lower submersion in twenty fathoms of water.

"Bringing Home the Faggots," by Harrington Fitzgerald, and "Early October Morning," by E. Taylor Snow, are nicely adjusted in low tones.

The more ambitious of James B. Sword's work lies in his "To the Rescue," depicting the passage of the lifeboat through fog and waves to the foundering vessel. The best qualities are to be seen in the weight and depth of the water. W. P. LOCKINGTON.

### PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ART.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.

RISE gradually from the positive exactness of cameric accentuation, photography to-day controlled by the few stands preeminently as an art, controlled by no school, harassed by no vague tenets, but absolutely as a power and expression of the artist as a poem by the poet.

The obliteration of the coarse and vulgar has been entirely wrought by the educated amateur, and the professional clap-trap is doomed to annihilation.

Nature, human, animal and open is no longer treated by a "rule of thumb" process, but with careful forethought and study, in which the artistic ability and soul-refining influences of the man makes secondary the use of the machines. Through the focussing glass the photographic artist views a means to the end. Conditions and localities serve but as inspirations to give in rhythmic cadences an idyllic compensation to the camera artist.

The camera is but the transmitting agent, the dark room is where the confessions are made, where the secrets of success or failures soon become apparent.

Herein beneath the vague glimmer of the ruby light the delicate tracery of Nature and form expresses itself. It is a birth, and needs all the care of science and thought to keep it alive. Again it is a joy; and the eye follows jealously every appearing detail drawn by the pencil of light, lest by careless handling or proper inattention the same should fade away and die.

"It is the survival of the fittest," and he who enters the dark room realizes that he is to meet victory or defeat.

From "the soot of the chimney" it has become a soft, luminous, pure feeling void of conceit, framed in poetry and draped in the garment of honesty. Henceforth it demands our respect and admiration.

From the dark room to the light are steps taken by the lapses of time and once again the assistance of nature is required. God's own sunlight is the best assistant, and here in printing every form of manipulation may be accepted to assist in what will prove the beginning of the end, the toning.

This is to the camera artist what the chisel is to the sculptor, what the brush is to the artist.

All that is technical, according to the tenets of science, here plays the part. Color, tone and qualities may be subjugated and controlled, and he who is the closer student of chemistry and the rudimentary lines of art is the one who will give the purest and best interpretation of art in photography. Its past was born in obscurity, but its future will demand the highest recognition, as even now it is accepted as an ally of art, and by the law of science is made one.

In the collection now on exhibition at the Pennsylvania Fine Arts Academy numbering 350, the exhibits range from the *petite* 3/4x4/4 to the pictorial and broader views of the 20x24. From the sweetly dispositioned platinum to the broader lines of the sepia carbon prints, every known subject presents itself. The collection possesses the highest achievements in the art and very few mar the masterly attempts of the exhibitors.

The very best expression has been given to Dame Nature, and the better work often taken under conditions totally unfavorable to photography, clearly proves nature's kindly ability to assist where courtesy treated.

A strong rivalry exists between the French and the English, in which, I think, the latter come out best. Among the seven exhibits of Maurice Bucquet, Paris, mostly on heavy carbon papers, "The Group of Cattle" must be the most highly commended. The swish-swash of the water is portrayed in a manner bordering on the marvelous, an achievement that needs the finest focus and masterly use of the stop. "The Pool at Night" is an instance of the care necessary in printing and toning. Maurice Bremard does not possess the ability marked by Robert Demack, also of Paris, but the stone effect given to his 112, "Mentone, Noon," is deserving of the highest praise. The translation of the calcareous properties of the stone marks this as the stronger and more perfect. Ten other subjects are represented, of which a "Study of Reflected Light" and "Thistles" are the best.

We have long boasted of making cameras for the English, but in this present exhibition they clearly earn the title of instructors in their use.

In low sepia tones the admirable qualities of subject and handling are well displayed in the nine prints sent over by W. Thomas of London, Eng., who proves his artistic ability in "The Woodland Graces," a poem in brake ferns and silver beaches, also in the masterly print devoted to "Cats," a shaggy terrier, intensely animal, but possessing all the attributes of art.

"A Summer Evening," depicting the suspension bridge, and the lazy, lolling "billy-boys" (boats) is in a soft key of platinum, and is in effect masterly. As soft in texture and finish as a Cazin are the four by Ralph W. Robinson of Surrey, Eng. "Beckamed" presents the boat silent upon a stream full of the limpid and liquid qualities, but stronger than this is "On the Hither Side of Night," two black bulls, necks crossed, and a background of a last gleam of day. It is full of the properties *entre le chien et le loup*.

Soft canvas effects are best produced by J. C. S. Mummery of London in 230 and 231, the latter a night scene soft and winsome, a time picture developed and printed with rare skill.

Alexander Keighley, Keighley, Eng., in his "Rift in the Clouds," shows marked ability that few dare challenge. "The After-Glow" and "Evening Before the Day of Rest," by Karl Greger of London, are marked by soft, toneful effect, clear in focus and clean in manipulation.

The half-tone etching effect rendered by H. Walter Barnett of London are a revelation standing in quiet contrast to the broader effects rendered by the camera of Harold Baker, who is symphonic without severity of detail.

Bonnie Scotland is represented by J. Craig Annan of Glasgow, who in all the depths, tone and mystery of the better masters presents Miss Ellen Terry and James Guthrie, R.S.A., as marvelous specimens of portraiture. The high and low lights of his "Lombardy Ploughing Team" deserve more than passing notice; while the qualities rendered in portraiture by William Cooke of Edinburgh bear a close affinity to old-time prints. The low tones expressed in the nine subjects presented by F. Holland Day of Boston, "Armageddon," also in the human texture of the idyllic Sicilian, possess the qualities of that city without the alleged severity. Alfred Stieglitz of New York lends a very able support to the American exhibitors in "Going to Pasture," while "A Dreary Day" gives us a glimpse of Fifth Avenue, snow-covered. This is highly satisfactory, stopped to a second, developed and toned with care. "An Icy Night," by the same, is also a good study. The blue-print effect given to the "Sunrise on the Ocean," by Osborne Yellot of Maryland, is in happy consonance, scarcely eclipsed by the happy focussing of "The Edge of the Wood," Zaida Ben-Yusuf of New York is best represented by her "Colinette," a young girl with a candle, a clever study.

Philadelphia, while contributing much, is most ably represented by G. W. Norris, M.D., in his "Evening," "The Road Through the Fields," and "The End of a Windy Day"; here one recognizes cleverness in detail, with a success that nature fair would mar since the cornshocks are blowing before the breeze, while the atmospheric qualities are portrayed in the coldness of their vigor.

The exhibition is marked by many strong examples, but lack of space condemns me to silence. W. P. LOCKINGTON.